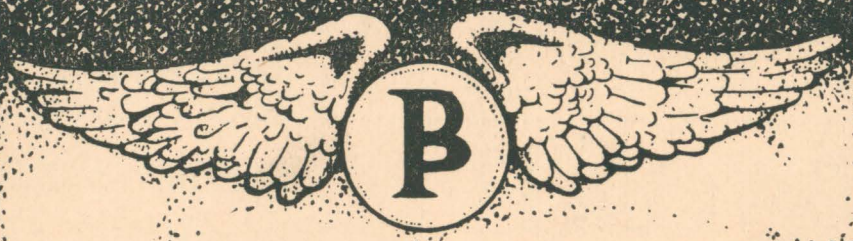
The TECH

BRADLEY POLYTECHNIC



VOL. XI. APRIL, 1908. No. 7.

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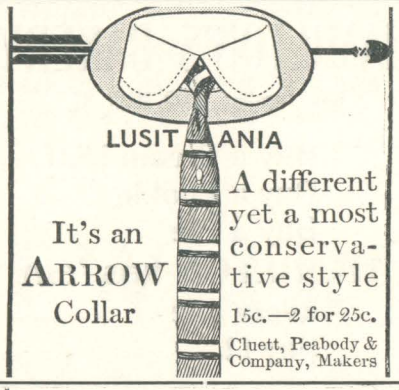

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THE TECH

VOL. XI PEORIA, ILLINOIS, APRIL, 1908] No. 7

THE SWORD OF "SABRE-CUT".

West was the most successful collector of curios in London, and a visit to his room was always full of extraordinary interest. So, when I knocked at his door one winter evening, last New Year's eve to be exact, I expected to be shown some new curiosities. Hardly were we seated when my friend began to tell me of his latest finds. He showed me a double row of elephants, carved from an ivory tusk; a rack which he had found in a Spanish dungeon, and finally he brought out, from a walnut cabinet, a rusty, broken sword.

"Harry," he asked, "will you sleep in this room to-night and put this beside you? I want to try an experiment. But if you would rather not, or feel in the least bit——"

"What sort of a hobgoblin have you now?" I laughed. "Of course, I'll risk it."

Taking up the sword, I examined it closely. By its shape I surmised that it had been about thirty-six inches long, although now only about six inches remained. This was very rusty and around the lower end were stains seemingly of blood. The strangest thing was the hilt. I have never seen one like it before nor since. It was a small figure of a man, and the blade of the sword seemed to have been run through his body, thus forming the hilt. On the man's features the greatest agony was depicted. His teeth were pressed tightly together and his lips were drawn back from them in a ghastly grin.

The evening passed and West returned to the other room, leaving me alone with the sword. Putting this beside me I lay down on the couch. I admit that I had a dismal foreboding, but of what? My friend's curios were all about me; across the room hung a shrunken human head, preserved by the art of the South American Indian; near this hung a large curved scimitar from Turkey, and on the center table stood the mummy of a sacred cat of Egypt, while the walls were covered with arrows, bows, spears, and sinister-looking pistols. But whenever I looked at the sword my feeling of apprehension (it was not fear) increased.

For a long time I could not sleep. Then I seemed to be on a ship at sea. At the rail were a group of swarthy men with long, black hair, gazing at a vessel which we were pursuing. One man on our ship stood apart from the rest. He was the captain. A large sabre cut ran from his left lower eye-lid to the corner of his mouth, and his small pig-like eyes gleamed with a passionate hate. He was well built and seemed of gigantic strength. As yet no one noticed me, greatly to my surprise, for I stood in plain sight.

After a while we came up with the

other vessel. She was larger than ours, and by her appearance I took her for a merchantman. Her decks were crowded with people in great terror. I saw an old woman kiss a young girl and then with a shrill shriek spring overboard into the sea. But in the midst of all this confusion the figure of a young man dressed as a cavalier appeared. I noticed him because he alone was calm, sending the women and children below and quickly stationing the men to resist attack.

"But why this?" I wondered.

I soon found out. The ship on which I was ran up to the other vessel and our crew threw grappling irons over her. Then with a cry of fiendish joy, they leaped on her decks. The defenders of the merchantman met the boarders at the rail, and I could see the fierce sword play, but gradually the boarders drove them back and the fighters broke up into groups. The cavalier and the captain with the sabre-cut were fighting apart from the rest. I noticed the latter's sword. Its hilt seemed to be a human figure, but I could not distinguish it clearly, so rapid were the movements of the fighters. The cavalier seemed to have the advantage, for although fighting with a light sword, he steadily drove his opponent back. The young man made thrust after thrust at the captain; but he ever retreating, parried in turn. He thrust. With a leap the cavalier was out of the way and began feinting. Now here, now there, his sword flashed. The captain seemed weakening. His parries were slower and slower, but still the cavalier could not wound him. At last they had fought to the stern of the vessel and the captain could retreat no farther. The cavalier laughed lightly feinted, and thrust straight at the captain's heart. Then happened one of those unexplainable accidents. Just as I expected to see the captain of the boarders fall, I saw the sword of the cavalier flying through the air. The scar on the captain's cheek grew scarlet. With a fierce lunge he pierced the breast of the cavalier, who was standing defenceless before him. Just then a fair young girl ran out upon the deck and threw herself at the captain's feet. Taking his sword, with the body of the cavalier still upon it, he plunged what protruded into the breast of the girl. Then he tried to withdraw the sword, but it snapped off about six inches from the hilt, and the two bodies, pinned together by the rest of the blade, fell to the deck.

I screamed in horror. The captain saw me. With the stump of the sword he approached. Again I screamed. I felt hands at my throat—with a call for help I awoke. West was standing at my side.

After I had calmed myself, I told him of my dream. He then answered that he had dreamed exactly the same, and his experiment had been to discover if our dreams would be identical. I asked him where he had found the sword.

"In the garret of an old seamen's inn, down near the Thames," he answered. "Look at the hilt."

He held it up to the light and showed me some letters I had not noticed before. There, carved on the figure of the man and almost obliterated by time, was the word "Sabre-cut."

"Who was that?" I asked.

"The most bloodthirsty pirate that ever sailed the sea. He was called 'Sabre-cut' on account of a sabre-cut on his left cheek. He was captured and hung after a year of his bloody career, so he didn't have time to become as notorious as some of the other pirates."

"Did anything ever happen like our dreams?" I asked with a shudder.

"I don't know," he answered, "no one ever returned to tell of 'Sabre-cut's' exploits. He was *strong* enough to pierce two persons with one sword, and you know how the sword is broken and how it broke in the dream."

Then I took up the broken sword and thought of the captain of my dream. Was this the sword which had been carried by

"Sabre-cut," and did the spirit of the bloodthirsty old pirate still hover about it? Or was the dream just a strange coincidence? (G. C. M.)

The Decennial Publication.

The book which is to commemorate the first ten years of Bradley's existence is almost finished and will appear about May 1. The publication will be entitled "The First Decade," and will contain about one hundred and thirty pages.

For some time it has been the intention to celebrate the passing of the first decade by a publication of this sort, and originally it was planned to make it merely a history of the Institute. The death of Mrs. Bradley caused the earlier plans to be somewhat changed, so instead of being only a history of the first ten years, the book will also serve as a memorial to the founder of the Institute.

Besides containing this memorial to Mrs. Bradley the book will have cuts of the buildings and class rooms, and also cuts of the trustees. In addition to the cuts, a historical sketch of the school, including a description of it and a list of its graduates, will be included. The Tenth Founder's Day and the Tenth Convocation are taken up at length, the ceremonies incident thereto described and several of the addresses published.

The committees which have had the book in charge are:

Committee of the Faculty—C. A. Bennett (chairman), Helen Bartlett Clarence Comstock, F. L. Bishop, A. T. Westlake, C. T. Wyckoff.

Founder's Day Committee — C. A. Bennett (chairman), G. C. Ashman, F. L. Bishop.

Convocation Week Committee—Helen Bartlett (chairman), C. S. Van Deusan, A. T. Westlake.

Publication Committee—C. T. Wyckoff (chairman), C. E. Comstock, W. H. Packard.

T. C. Burgess, ex-officio all committees.

Athletic Benefit Play.

Preparations are now under way for the Athletic Benefit Play to be given Friday evening, May 1. Mr. Wallace arrived about April 1, and immediately began to get ready for the presentation of the play. The comedy selected is "An American Citizen," of which Mr. Wallace says:

"Whether or no those in charge of choosing the play for the Bradley Athletic Benefit this spring had in mind Arsene Houssaye's mot that "there is no better sermon than a good comedy." they could scarcely have hit upon a better piece than "An American Citizen. Written for our own typically American comedian, Nat Goodwin, it has occupied a prominent place in his repertoire for the past seven or eight years. No later than last fall he revived it at Powers' Theatre in Chicago, where reviewers pronounced it as fresh and sparkling in wit, as crisp and engaging in dialogue, and as intensely humorous in situation as any of the current dramatic successes. In fact, so far above the ordinary modern comedy is 'An American Citizen' that like many of the older plays of contemporaneous manners, such as 'The School for Scandal,' it makes most refreshing reading and is a delightful addition to the library table.

"The plot of the story is based upon the will of an eccentric, American-hating old Englishman, Sir John Carew. Previous to the opening of the play his only sister has formed an alliance with a native of the States, against his consent. From that time till his death the terms America and Americans become obnoxious to Sir John. After his death and at the beginning of the play his will is published. Its very obvious intent is to transform his sister's child and his only nephew into an Englishman, likewise disinherit his only female beneficiary, a young English woman, Miss Beatrice Carew.

"The terms of the will in brief will give a clear idea of the base of the plot of the play. 'To my nephew, Beresford Cruger, I bequeath sixty thousand pounds on the following terms. He shall marry an English woman before his thirtieth year. He shall follow that ceremony by becoming a British subject, and shall legally adopt the name of Carew. Should he accept the legacy he is especially prohibited from sharing any portion of the money with his cousin, Beatrice Carew. Should he refuse, the bequest shall revert to the Archæological Society of Great Britain for the founding of a museum of antiquities.'

"How Beresford Cruger becomes an Englishman, while still remaining a patriotic American at heart, marries Miss Carew within a few moments acquaintance, and afterwards wins her love, is told in four acts replete with side splitting situations, rapid fire dialogue and good, clean sentiment."

The cast, as far as had been selected at time of going to press, is as follows:

Lester Byron ..... Carew
Julia Voorhees ..... Beatrice
Marie Knapp ..... Georgia
Ben Beecher ..... Barbury
Una Garrett ..... Lady Bunn
S. Easton ..... Lucas
Ed. Cushing ..... Sir Bunn

A large colored poster for the play is being prepared under the supervision of Mr. Crerie. Ben Pfeiffer, the student manager, has begun to make the play a success financially. In order to stimulate the interest of the students in selling tickets, a *Polyscope* will be given to the student selling the largest number of tickets. A year's subscription to THE TECH will be given to the person who sells the next largest number.

Some of the quotations from the play, showing how witty it is, are:

"How's your hotel?"

"Three francs for a toothpick. I'm going to move."

"So hard to accustom ones self to a new name."

"Yes, he's on ice—I mean he's buried in the Swiss glaciers."

The play is certainly "great." It only remains for the student body to do its part in making the undertaking a success in every way. Let everybody do his share and this Athletic Benefit Play will surpass even the great records of other years.

Tech Editor for 1908-09 Elected.

The council has finally elected a TECH editor for next year. Gordon Kellar, '10, was selected. The council at the very beginning decided not to depart from the almost established rule and elect a girl to the editorship. On the whole, THE TECH considers this a wise plan. Although there doubtless are certain exceptions, nevertheless as a rule a girl does not make as successful a TECH editor as a boy. We think, however, it would be foolish to extend this rule to the *Polyscope*. In the first place, the two are absolutely different. The TECH editor must mix with all kinds of school life and must do far more "chasing" than the *Polyscope* editor. For that reason a boy is almost necessary for TECH editor. Secondly, the TECH is primarily journalistic, the *Polyscope* is artistic. While girls may succeed just as well as boys in rounding up news, they do not generally do so. On the other hand, as far as art is concerned, girls are always able to hold their own.

We are sure Mr. Kellar is one of the best the council could have possibly selected for the editorship. Having attended Bradley as long as he has, he has become imbued with that abstract something which we term, for want of a better name, the Bradley spirit. Having this, a good TECH is just as certain, as is a poor TECH without possessing it. In addition, Mr. Kellar is well known, and we congratulate the council on their wise choice.

The Tech

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STUDENTS OF
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GEORGE C. MAHLE ..... Editor-in-Chief
GLENN M, EBAUGH ..... Business Manager

Staff.

CHARLES G. MASON ..... Associate Editor
OLIVE RADLEY, FRANCIS BOHL, HELEN NIXON, ED CUSHING ..... Locals
CLARENCE STRAESSER ..... Athletics
ETHEL SUMMERS ..... Social and Alumni
WILLIAM HUDSON ..... Staff Artist
ED MILLER ..... Horological

SUBSCRIPTIONS ..... 75c Per Year, 10c Single Copy

All communications should be addressed to THE TECH, Bradley Polytechnic Institute, Peoria, Ill.

By the Way, Have You Paid Your Subscription?

Once more a TECH editor has been elected, and once more the system we have at Bradley for selecting editors must come under scrutiny. Is it the best system obtainable? Although it has worked fairly well, we believe that there is a better system, and that is by direct competition. This system is used at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas, among other places, and is very successful. At the beginning of every school year all upper classmen may enter the competition. Whoever desires to do so mails an assumed name, with which he will sign all his articles, together with his correct name, to the person selected for that purpose (In Washburn the editor of the college paper). These communications giving both assumed and correct names are filed unopened, and all contributions are signed with the assumed name. These contributions the editor preserves, using them as he sees fit, and near the end of the year, when it is time to select next year's editor the merit of these contributions is judged. The best contributor, all things being considered, is then selected and his correct name can be ascertained by consulting the hitherto unopened files. Thus absolutely no partiality can be shown, and the best man is *always* selected for the place. Under the system now in use at Bradley, the council spends many weary hours deliberating whether or not a man will make a good editor. He may be a good student, but that is not synonymous with "good editor." The only way to find out is to try him. If he is successful, well and good—if he fails, it is too late to elect another. Not only does the competitive system ease the labor of the council, but it tends to what is far more important. It increases the number of student contributors to the college paper. Only by the use of much ink, space and persuasion have we been able to get even a few contributions, and the preceding editors have had the same difficulty. Therefore, any system which will increase the number of contributions from the school should receive at least careful consideration before it is disregarded. This competitive system will do that; it will also systematize the selection of a TECH editor, and it will cause the *best* man *always* to be selected. Let us give the competitive system a trial.

A wail has gone up, or rather a periodical wail is going up, for "locals." We do not suppose this wail is any louder than in previous years, but we would like to suggest that the student body do something besides wailing. If you want the TECH to publish "locals," keep your eyes and ears open, and if you see or hear anything funny, tell us about it. If it is proper, we will publish it. Although the "local" reporters try to notice everything, something does occasionally escape them. For that reason, the student body could help increase certainly the quantity and possibly the quality of "locals," by taking an *active* interest in that department.

And now once again do the sod
pounders pound while the pair trees pain
an air of laziness doth prevade the
atmosphere and the only sign of life
is the diminutive Easton pursuing
the elusive birdie with a spy glass

Horological

The Editor hopes all the students had a joyous Easter.

Dombrosky (in drafting): "Mr. Hart, this screw don't seem to fit here."
Mr. Hart: "Tap it out."

Mr. Rapp returned to school again after having an attack of the measles.

Mr. Barnes, of the jewelry department, had the misfortune to mash the forefinger of his right hand by getting it in the cogs on the wheels of the wire machine.

Miner: "I would rather be a farmer than a poor watchmaker."
Robertson: "You had better commence to farm."

Anderson: "It doesn't make any difference, you've got to file flat."

Mr. Bowsher has been appointed chief watch inspector—nuf sed.

What are we going to do with the (No. 9) dollars in the treasury? So say the ball players.

Baker has a new method for trueing balance wheels. He puts them in the vise instead of the calipers.

Dickenson uses his hammer for straightening pivots on balance wheels.

Mr. Carmoa has returned to school again after a few weeks' vacation.

Davey: "One won't hurt, will it, kid?"

The students of the Horological are disappointed owing to the fact that they are not allowed to get up a ball team to represent that department.

Mr. Slingluff, of New Holland, Ia., and a former student, paid the school a visit on March 24.

Mr. Hart says in his lecture: "Never profess to know or do more than your boss requires of you. Don't advertise.

A new class in drawing commenced April 6.

Mr. Westlake gave another one of his lantern slides exhibits along with a few remarks regarding the slide. The lecture was greatly appreciated and well attended.

A Night in Paris.

It is night in Paris. The Rue Vangirard is dark and dreary and the oil lamps flicker in the cold wind. Worn out by our long sea voyage we are met at the door of our inn by the loquacious host and his wife. The small, restless eyes of the Frenchman make a hurried but keen examination of us and our luggage. Then he turns for advice to his wife—a little person with plenty of chic, a trim waist and jet black hair built up in an elaborate pompadour. After an argument, interposed with many ejaculations, they decide to grant us shelter, and following the porter, we mount four flights of rickety stairs. When we enter the small, dirty room at the head of the staircase, we look at one another in dismay. The words of the garcon that no woman has ever stopped at the hotel before flit through my mind. But this address was recommended by my friend's brother. Yet Jack has become a veritable Bohemian since he has been so long on the continent. I touch gingerly the coverlets of the bed. Is it possible that one can lie down, commend one's soul to God and find repose in such a thing as that. Heaven be thanked, the lock on the door is strong. But oh! how tired I am! My eyes blur, the motion of the steamer is still in my

head, my throat aches and my whole body cries out for rest. I look at my friend and see that she is dejected. Then the remembrance of the foolish quarrel we had during our trip begins to trouble me. How could I have uttered those hasty words even if the fault had been hers? Impulsively I blurt out my regret. Her surprise makes her lose her usual cynical composure. I am struck with awe as I confront for the first time her real self. The clock strikes twelve as she leaves me to go across the hall to her own room, which is equally as dirty as mine.

While I am getting ready for bed all is quiet outside except for the occasional rumbling of a heavy *piacre* or the sound of a voice singing the latest song, popular in the cafe. The noises of the street grow duller, farther away as I review the events of the day and begin to make plans for the morrow. Soon my thoughts refuse to present themselves logically, and exhausted physically and mentally, I yield to sleep. But hark! What's that? Probably it is only some students' riot in the street. But no! The sound is just outside my door, and it is a voice young and clear. The voice expostulates, explains, entreats and sobs. The other half-stifled voices respond and insist. The voice rings out again in despair, implores and prays, and then breaks, choked with emotion. I steal to the door to be sure that the lock is perfectly fastened. During a long half hour the voice continues its appeals. Then muffled footsteps are heard going down the stairs, footsteps as of men dragging something helpless. At last quiet reigns, but sleep is driven away by echoes of the distressed young voice.

In the morning our host explains that it was only a young fellow who had been "wild" and had reformed. He says the other *etudiants,* his former companions, dragged him out of bed and forced him to carouse the night away with them, that despite his struggles he had to submit.

I wonder what has happened since that night five years ago. Where is the voice now? Is it still clear and young? Or have deep fervent draughts of Parisian pleasure stolen its youth away? Has it, hoarse and worn with sin, mingled some lonely night with the moaning waves of the troubled Seine and died away at last in the smothered gasp of a drowning man? Who knows? (*M. B. B.*)

Friday, the Thirteenth.

Perhaps the terrible combination of thirteen and Friday caused it, but more likely fate had centuries ago decided that it was to be so, or perchance—but nevertheless, it *was*. On that day about four o'clock all the innocent little college boys and girls were urged and enticed into the Domestic Economy Rooms. For awhile all went well and everyone was almost as happy as at chapel or at division meeting; but all too soon the calamities began. It was wholly unexpected. True, Cush and Byron had been seen on the "*stage*" behind the "footlights," but even *then* no one expected anything dreadful. Suddenly both appeared again. Walking slowly and dignified as if to a consultation with the dean, they seized upon a poor weak little string and slowly an "asbestos" curtain rose, just like it does at the Main Street. In the meanwhile, Sager was pounding the piano with hands and feet and energy in an endeavor to drown out the pitiful groanings of the poor, overburdened string. Just as the asbestos curtain had almost reached the top, the outstretched spirit of the string gave up its unequal struggle and, with the ever present "dull thud," the curtain went back to the place whence it had come, i. e., it dropped.

Many were frightened at this, but the brave Cush and Byron were not, and appeared once more to try to save the day. This time they enlisted Bill Hudson (he of the sometime hair cut fame), and together they perpetrated an illustrated song, which it is said the Physic's assistants had composed. At any rate, the

song was rather deep and hard to see clearly. In the middle of the song the worst accident of the day occurred. Cush gave vent to a bum note and to increase the excitement the illustrated song slid. A panic began immediately. Sager ran up the scale, Bobbie found himself without a girl, the *Polyscope* editor ceased shouting for "pedigrees," and, worse than all, Bob Mann's tie changed color.

Finally the excitement and the song ceased and the ship of war cleared for action in order that the play might be presented. The play answered to the name of a "Bunch of Roses," and was very thrilling. Baumgartner and Edith Love had long ago promised to love, cherish, etc., each other, and the husband thought his better half was loving and cherishing too much, especially as far as other men were concerned. He chided (speaking mildly) his wife and was in turn chidden, so departed green with jealousy. Cush then appeared as the butler, and left a note for Higgs (Bess Morris) asking her to meet him in the living room that evening and elope. Ellen Avery then found the "billet ducks" (pronunciation a la Cush) and thought Bob Mann had written it and decides to meet him there, wearing a rose to show she was on to the deal. Byron and Hazel Marcy (who played the part of an old "bachelor girl") also found the note and, like the others, burglarized the bunch of roses. Finally the whole crew had discovered it and all tried to outsit the other in the waiting game. Byron was winning with his yawns when all decided to retire. Cush put out the lights and after awhile one by one (like angels or like flunk notices) the others returned. Byron knocked over three chairs and *talked* about it six minutes to the chair. Cush bumped his head. Finally the efforts of Byron to create light were successful and then Cush explained, using his well known bluffing that has made him famous. (See Dr. Bishop about the bluffing.) Then all grabbed each other and everything was settled.

As a reward and also to keep the assembly in order, pine-apple ice was then served. Alas! the grape juice, which formerly was wont to grace our "doins" graces no more. It has passed away with the old bleachers, the sun dial and the custom of paying TECH subscriptions. What will be next to leave us?

But the ice was good. Laura (the well known political boss) ate three dishes, we *saw* Martha eat *two and a half* overflowing dishes (unknown how many more) and some (whose names will not be mentioned) ate out of a dishpan with cooking spoons. So it is clearly seen, the ice was good.

Dancing followed the "eats," and no further casualties resulted. Let us hope "Friday the thirteenth" may soon return.

Senior Party.

The Seniors gave a masquerade party to the Juniors and Normals on April 4, which had been "prosponed" (spelling a la Spurck) from April 3. The class of '08 certainly played the part of entertainers to perfection. Much merriment was caused by some of the costumes worn by those present. Every one was represented from the straw man in "The Wizard of Oz" to Don Ricardo, the Spanish cavalier. Between these two extremes, we had colonial dames, Little Red Riding Hoods, Nurse Marjory, The Merry Widow, girls from the wild and wooly west, workingmen, pawnbrokers, Chinamen, queen of the fairies and so many others that it is impossible to name them all. The Domestic Economy rooms were beautifully decorated in the Senior colors, black and green, intermingled with the blue and white of the Juniors. The "signal for the end" (i. e., the 'dousing of the glim) came all too quickly for the merrymakers, and all left with the hope that '08 might decide to entertain again before entering the ranks of the alumni.

Institute Items

A manual training exhibit has been sent from here to Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind., to be entered in the exhibit of the Western Drawing and Manual Training Association there. As will be remembered, one of the traveling exhibits of the Association was here last February, at the same time that the Illinois Manual Arts Association convention was held.

The *Daily Maroon* (University of Chicago) states that George C. Ashman received Sigma Xi as a reward for his research work in chemistry.

Mr. Wallace arrived at Bradley the first week in April and immediately got things under way for the Athletic Benefit play.

Harry Lyding, '06, who won the University of Chicago scholarship, has received a degree of S. B. at Chicago. He visited Bradley several weeks ago.

Many of those who "used to go to Bradley" looked in to see how things were getting along without them. Among these were Miss Kuhl, Miss Archer, Miss Rockwell, Miss Cutright, Herbert Kellar, Marie King.

George C. Mahle has been selected as student assistant in English.

Don't forget and make any date for the evening sacred to the Athletic play. It also wouldn't be a bad idea to ask your girl, at once.

Henry Truitt has been elected tennis manager. He has already begun plans for the season's tournament. Entries are coming in quite rapidly.

Spring Concert.

The annual spring concert was given April 10, after our going to press, and consequently too late for us to more than mention it.

Locals

Miss McLaughlin: "I hope none of you looked for Exodus in the new Bible, I mean in the old one."

Donley: "Is lead acetate, vinegar?"

We have heard that a case occasionally affected the nerves, appetite, sleeping, heart, etc., but we did not know before that it affected the spelling and put an extra "r" in "postponed." How about it, Spurck?

Cush: "A knowledge of truth makes one tell an untruth."

Edith wishes to spend the hour before chorus in profitable study of human nature.

Baumy= "human nature."

Eng. 8, theme, "The scissor's grinder," evidently the grinder of the scissor.

Charlie: "Of course you wouldn't notice grass in the moonlight."

Cush: "When do kids get their teeth?"

Eng. 8: "Write a description of a person or place, but label it."

Hugh Cooper, assistant in ceiling painting—chemistry!

"Straess" has a new "stunt," pulling candy with his teeth.

Hazel: "You want five men, don't you, Miss McLaughlin?"

Bertha Kraeger: "Isn't sugar of lead used in dyeing?"

Bohl: "I suppose it might be used in dying; it's poison."

Miss McLaughlin: "I'm not up on Kansas windmills.

Cush: "I'm not up on any, either."

Laura: "This description makes me hungry."

George: "I should think it would make you thirsty."

Laura: "Why?"

George: "It's so dry."

Extract from Eng. 8 theme: "From the rafters hung dried corn, peppers, carrots and unions."

More Eng. 8 *humor*: "Yes, I think the light abstract; but I suppose the wall is concrete."

Bess: "He died in 1791."

Miss Duncan: "What century was that?"

Bright Student: "The sixteenth."

The "bacillus casibus" is being generated rapidly by the warm weather. Several persons have been afflicted lately and measures are being taken to quarantine them.

From an English 8 theme: "He filled his basket with beer."

Miss McL. (reading a theme): "His cleanly shaven face was well chiselled."

Beech: "That sounds like he shaved with a chisel."

Mr. Bryan, speaking of two identical salts: "These two substances are synonymous."

Tot, telling of college "doins": "Yes, Cush had the part of a great big tall fellow."

English Shark, describing a woman: "Her loose dress fit her like a glove."

Cush: "That must be one of these new style gloves that fit in wrinkles."

Miss McL.: "Mr. Causey, will the subject of your theme be horrible or beautiful?"

Causey: "Yes'm."

Beecher, seeing pussy willows: "Well, look at those cat-tails!"

In Math. class, as Mr. Bickley drops a book:

Amy: "Oh! ? !"

Mr. Bickley: "I hope that didn't wake anybody. If it did, I'm sorry."

"Ted" Fluegel has returned to school and was duly welcomed by Captain Lidle. The baseball outlook is fine.

Miss Helen Mills, '06, has been appointed assistant in sewing.

Freshie: "What makes Bobbie so happy?"

Senior: "Knox students are home for spring vacation."

Freshie: "What's that got to do with it?"

Senior: "Watch Bob."

N. B. Saying a thing is "not worth a damn," is not swearing. It is merely an historical allusion dating back to the excessive issuing of counterfeits and merely means "not worth a condemned coin. (Our readers are advised to memorize this explanation. It may come in handy some day.)

Notice to Seniors.

Will those of the Seniors who are to write the prophesy, history, etc., of the class, for publication in the June TECH, please have all copy in by the 25th OF MAY? TECH EDITOR.

Social

The Tri Kappa girls entertained at one of their informal dances Thursday evening, April 2. Glen Oak was the scene of the festivities and those who had a part in the good time were: Misses Clark, of Pontiac; Maple, Voorhees, King, Kuhl King, Cashin, Anicker, Allen, Miller, Heidrich, Shank, Steckel, Strehlow, Woodruff, Wiley, Fischer, Murduck, Keeme. Messrs. Dr. Cutter, Byron, Truitt, Pedrick, J. H. Kuhl, Collin, Donley, Cassell, Meeker, Cummings, Willis, Ottenheimer, Bennett, Rutherford, Sniveley, Pfeiffer, Lynch, Bourland, Oliver, Van Tassel.

The Jolly Seven had a theatre party at "Little Johnny Jones'," March 28.

Saturday, April 4, Frances Goss, Margaret McLaughlin, Fannie Neal McLaughlin, Katherine Faber and Marjorie Plowe celebrated with a spread at the home of Elsa Dombrowski.

The Lambda Phi girls entertained some of their friends at the home of Ellen Muir, Saturday, March 28. Those present were: "Misses Lidle, DeLent, Garrett, Grant, Donathen, Muir, Schureman, Summers. Messrs. Straesser, Fuener, Spurck, Lynch, Mann, Plowe, G. Kellar, Beecher.

It is rumored that Miss Louise Carpenter will wed Mr. Clifford Livingston in June. They are at present teaching in Honolulu.

Phi Lambda Xi fraternity gave an informal dance at Glen Oak Park Friday night, April 3. Those present were: Misses F. Avery, Keithley, Shields, A. Keithley, Kuhl, King, Estep, DeLent, Maple, Fischer, J. Voorhees, Holstman, Spalding, C. Voorhees, Cooper, B. Hanna, Cashin, Richmond. Messrs. Seymour, Cooper, Batchelder, Byron, Lidle, Kuhl, Straesser, Mann, Oliver, Van Tassel, Pedrick, Nowland, Baumgartner, Dombrowski, Webster, Truitt, Aylward, Smith, Bennett, Fuener, Keithley, Neilson.

Miss Catherine Cornielson entertained the Tri Kappas at a luncheon Thursday noon, April 2. Her guests were: Misses Grace Clark, of Pontiac, Alida Whiting, Julia Voorhees, Corrinne Voorhees, Bernedette Cashin, Ethel Maple, Lora Kuhl, Eleanor Fisher, Pearl Heidrich, Hazel Shank, Sanchen Strehlow, Elizabeth Murduck, Marie King.

The Misses Helen and Marie King and Lora Kuhl are home spending their Easter vacation with their parents.

Miss Elizabeth Murduck spent a few days with her friends from March 30 to April 3.

A party of Bradley girls went to jubiles Saturday April 11, to the Bradley Jubilee game.

Social Club for the last quarter, March 20, was largely attended, and much enjoyed by all.

Janet Grant, who has been attending Art Institute, Chicago, has been recently appointed to assist Miss Banister as art instructor for the Peoria Public Schools. Miss Grant is to be congratulated.

The Omicron Tri Kappa annual indoor picnic was held at Glen Oak, Saturday, April 4. All of the active girls and alumni enjoyed the occasion.

Miss Olive Keithley is spending vacation at home and has two Lake Forest girls as her guests. Miss Mabel Shane entertained in their honor at the Majestic Saturday, April 4.

On March 23 Winifred Johnson entertained in honor of Annie Rich, who was home from Ossining on vacation. Those to meet Miss Rich were: Jessie Rutherford, Elise Triebel, Bertha Holstman, Ellen Avery, Frances Avery, Ruth Cooper, Bess Estep, Marguerite Richmond, Natalia Jobst, Grace Hauk, Marie Knapp.

Some of the Lambda Phi girls enjoyed a theatre party at "Peter Pan."

Herbert Kellar and Frank Neef were down from the University of Chicago March 27 and 28.

Marie King and Lora Kuhl were home from Vassar the first week in April.

The Senior-Junior party, Saturday, April 4, was in every way a "howling success."

Ely Wood was a visitor at school the 28th of March.

Harry Lyding was home from the University of Chicago for spring vacation.

Martha Grant entertained the Lambda Phi girls Tuesday, April 7.

Louise DeLent and Ethel Summers spent spring vacation in Chicago.

Irene Lidle and Erma Donathen spent vacation in Green Valley, as guests of Mildred Schureman.

Olive Radley was a guest at a house party in Wyoming during vacation.

Elizabeth: "She puts lots of feeling in her singing, don't she?"

Yerdy: "Yes, it must be awful to feel that way."—*Ex.*

Would you call snoring sheet music?

Athletics

Intercollegiate Meet.

This has been a banner year for athletics at Bradley. We had a fine football season, a basket-ball schedule that couldn't be beat, and Manager Lynch has arranged the largest number of good hard games on record. The track events of 1908 will mean as much and more for Bradley athletics than all the other forms of sport combined. The intercollegiate meet to be held on May 23 marks an episode in the history of the Institute. From this time on we take our place as one of the "big" colleges of the state who participate is this, one of the largest meets held each year in the central west.

Whether or not the contest will be an annual affair will not be determined until the day of the meet, but at a committee meeting held at the Creve Coeur Club on Saturday, April 4, the managers from the several schools were decidedly in favor of this proposition on condition that the contest should always be held in Peoria (because of its central location). At that meeting Messrs. Westervelt, of Illinois Wesleyan, Norwood of Monmouth, North of Lombard, Wright of Illinois College, Dr. Burgess, Dr. Bishop and Mann of Bradley Institute were present. Managers Wilson, Dingledine and Drake of Knox, Illinois Normal and James Millikin sent their regrets, but expressed the greatest enthusiasm over the meet. It was voted to invite Coaches Stagg of Chicago and Huff of Illinois to act as referee and starter, with several local men as the other officials. To the winning school will be given a large banner, but if the meet is made a permanent thing, a trophy cup will be given in place of the former.

This meet will require a large amount of preparation. Each school is allowed to bring ten men on its team, less if it chooses, but no more; there are nine

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schools, so that we shall have to prepare for 90 men. Next year, when we have a gymnasium, it will not be difficult, but this spring canvas will be stretched across the roof of the "bath-house" to the buildings on either side, benches to sit on and hooks upon which to hang clothing put up beneath this roof, and several more shower baths installed temporarily. Some men will be set to raking the stones, etc., from the track and a large roller pulled over it to make the ground firmer. Bleachers to accommodate 1,500 people must be constructed as must a large number of high hurdles. Many more items, small but necessary, must be attended to and every student at Bradley should be ready and willing to help whenever needed.

There is no reason whatever why the meet should not succeed if Bradley is enthusiastic. Wesleyan and Normal will bring over two coach loads of rooters; Knox, Lombard and Monmouth are all close together on the same railroad and will run a special train. Milliken will probably bring over a coach load; Eureka will, of course, attend almost in a body, and Bradley should be out en masse. Do this not only to support our men, but as a courtesy to the visitors and an indication that we have as much love for our school spirit as they. If we have ever showed school spirit, we must do it now. The success of this meet depends on the way our students talk about, advertise and attend it. *(R. J. M.)*

Dual Meet with Eureka.

Manager Mann has scheduled a dual meet with Eureka on the latter's grounds for Friday, June 5. With the big intercollegiate on hand, no other meets have been scheduled.

The Annual Interscholastic meet will be held April 25 and a better contest than ever is expected.

Commencement

Program's
Invitations
and Cards

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Interdivision Meet.

The first half of the interdivision meet was held on a fearfully heavy track. Monday, April 6. (The second part was held after going to press.) The meet was a good one especially since no one of the entries had had any training this season. It was principally to start practice that this contest was held so early, and it succeeded admirably. However, there was an unnecessary reluctance, especially among the Lower Academy boys, to enter the contest. Of course every one can not win, but remember, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," or any medals, either. The result of this first meet was as follows:

2:20 HURDLES.

First Heat.—Mercer, H. A.; Kellar, Col.; Greves, L. A.; time, 3 seconds.

Second Heat.—Bennett, Col.; Wright, L. A. (Stop watch stopped.)

Final Heat.—Kellar, Col.; Greves, L. A.; Bennett, Col.; time, 32 seconds.

Results.—Mercer, H. A., 31 seconds; Kellar, Col; Greves, L. A.

SHOT PUT (16 LBS.).

Lidle, H. A., 35.6 feet; Haug, Hor., 29.6 feet; Ebaugh, Col., 28.6 feet.

440 YARD RUN.

Spurck, Col.; Rockwell, H. A.; Fuerner, Col.

HIGH JUMP.

Ebaugh, Col., 5 feet 1 inch; Beecher, Col.; Kellar, Col.

220 YARD DASH.

Spurck, Col.; Heineman, H. A.; Dickenson, Hor.

MILE RUN.

Rickwell, H. A.; Harris, Col.; Greves, L. A.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

College	27
Higher Academy	21
Lower Academy	2
Horological	4

Mary baked a little cake—
An angel cake.
She baked it all for Johnnie's sake—
His dear sake.
Johnnie ate it every crumb,
And 'twas then he heard the drum
And the angels saying "Come!"
And he went.—*Ex.*

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Oh, my!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "we've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied, rather tartly.

"Ours?" she cried joyfully. "Oh, Robert, this is so sudden."—*Ex.*

Money.

(*Enter class treasurer.*)

TREAS.:—Give us a half!
Give us a half
Give us a half for class dues.

(*Students fish in their pockets for halves.*)

STUDENTS:—Here it is, you awful pests,
You've got us nearly broke;
Here, take your blamed old half.
Here! I hope you choke.

(*Students glare angrily at retreating Treasurers.*) *Voices without; students try to dodge. Enter* BOOMGARDINIER *suddenly.*)

Stop, ye villians, stop, I say.
To dodge you cannot hope.
Cough up your measly dollars
Subscribe for the Polyscope.

(*Students, as before, fish in pockets, muttering:*

If we "were" to raise a muss
We could'nt hope to win it;
We've got to sign for a Polyscope
If we want our pictures in it.

(*Re-enter class treasurer.*)

Our pins are here, but they're sewed up
In Wells Fargo's big strong box.
We've got to bail them out, you see.
Here, shell out your rocks.

(*Junior population makes a grimace.*) (*Enter Tech Ed.*)

We'll accept your jewelry
Or junk of any description;
Give us your watch, or what you will,
But pay up your subscription.

Several men cast loving glances at their watches, then fling them to editor.

(*Enter "chorus of men."*)

Will you take two or only one?
There'll be a mob at the wicket.
Don't grimace so; pull out your dough
And get a concert ticket.

(*Several faint. Some have worn out their pockets pulling out coin.*) (*They gather in excited groups, then silently wait with blood in their eyes.*)

(*Enter athletic man.*)

Only a dollar, only a $
Baseball season tickets!

(*Students make a rush at athletic man. Curtain falls as they raise him by a rope to the tower.*)
(*Orchestra.*) (*S.*)

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"	"	.10	"	"	"	"	"	.....	500 "
"	"	.05	"	"	"	"	"	.....	100 "
"	"	.01	"	"	"	"	"	.....	50 "
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To the contestants holding the three largest number of votes will be given FREE from great expense, the MAGNIFICIENT TRIPS which we describe below.

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